



Toras Avigdor

Adapted from the teachings of Rav Avigdor Miller z"l

Junior

Sefer Bereishis sponsored by:



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The Important Guests

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The Important Guests

The final bell rang at Torah Prep School in St. Louis, and Rabbi Bromberg packed up his things and started leaving, when his phone rang.

“Hello?” he said, answering the call.

“Rabbi Bromberg?” came the voice of Tzadok “Hatzadik”. “I am making siyum tonight and I want to invite you. Would you be able to come a bit early and help me to set up?”

“You’re making a siyum? Oh, Tzadok, mazel tov - that’s wonderful! Sure, I’ll be right over!”

Rabbi Bromberg drove over to U. City Shul and headed downstairs to find Tzadok setting the tables.

“Hi Tzadok!” said Rabbi Bromberg warmly. “Mazel tov again! So what are you making a siyum on?”

Tzadok held up a sign he had made.

“Look,” he said, excitedly. “I finished *shnayim mikra v’echad targum* on the whole Parshas Vayigash!”

“Er... um... wow, that’s amazing! It sounds like you had a productive week, Tzadok!”

“Veek?” Tzadok said incredulously. “I’ve been working on it for an entire year! The Aramaic in Unkelos is so hard, so I wrote my own targum instead in Bolognese.”

“Bolognese? What is that? I thought that’s a type of spaghetti sauce.”

“It’s a language I made up that is much easier than Aramaic,” Tzadok explained.

Rabbi Bromberg paused for a second. “Oh uh, I see. But still, I’m proud of you for spending so much time to learn the whole Parsha. So who is coming to the siyum?”

“Oh, just a few people from the community,” said Tzadok. “And of course, I invited Mayor McGillicuddy.”

Just then Tzadok’s phone rang.

“Hello?” he said, answering the call. “What? Oh no... well okay, bye-bye.”

Tzadok hung up the phone and a tear trickled down his face into his long beard.

“What’s wrong, Tzadok?” asked Rabbi Bromberg who had started putting out forks and knives next to the plates.

“It vas ze mayor’s office,” said Tzadok with a sob. “They said zat Mayor McGillicuddy cannot come because his next door neighbor’s aunt’s cat died and he has to go to ze funeral.”

“Oh I’m sorry to hear that,” Rabbi Bromberg said, putting a hand on Tzadok’s shoulder. “But why are you crying just because the mayor can’t come?”

“Just because ze mayor can’t come?!?” Tzadok asked, insulted. “The mayor is my best friend in entire vorld, even if he fire me from being a prison guard after ze prisoners escape ven I left my post to buy ice cream (see Toras Avigdor Junior Parshas Vayishlach). And he’s the mayor, so he’s very very chashuv. If he can’t come, vat is point in even having siyum?”

“Tzadok, Tzadok,” said Rabbi Bromberg consolingly. “Do you know how many Yidden went down to Mitzrayim with Yaakov Avinu?”

“Yes, of course. Six hundred thousand.”



“What? No, it was seventy - it says that in Parshas Vayigash, which you just finished!”

“Yes, well ze targum I wrote said it vas really six hundred thousand, because zat is holier number.”

Rabbi Bromberg rubbed his forehead. “Okay, well let’s go with the pshat that it was seventy. Seventy is an important number, because the world is made up of seventy nations. The Torah is coming to teach us that each and every Jew is as important as all of the nations of the world. So don’t be concerned that the mayor isn’t coming to your siyum. Every single Yid that will be there - including yourself - is more important than a million Mayor McGillicuddys!”

Tzadok smiled with relief. “Tenk you, Rabbi, zat makes me feel better to know I will have ze most important guests at my siyum. In fact, I going to make dis sign even more beautiful by cutting fancy border around ze edges in honor of my special Jewish guests!”

Tzadok lifted up the sign in one hand and a pair of large scissors in the other and began to cut the edges of the sign.

“Tzadok!” cried out Rabbi Bromberg in alarm. “Watch out, your beard!”

But it was too late, Tzadok “Hatzadik” had once again accidentally cut off half of his beard.

“Oh no, Tzadok, I’m sorry,” said Rabbi Bromberg.

“Don’t worry”, said Tzadok, looking around for a broom. “Dese tings happen. “Didn’t you ever accidentally cut off half of your beard?”

“No, I can’t say I ever did,” said Rabbi Bromberg.

“Vell, Rabbi Volender from the Jerusalem Prison taught me zat it better not to get upset about tings I cannot to control. And at least now ze mayor is no coming, so he von’t see me missing half of my beard!”

Have A Wonderful Shabbos!

Takeaway:

**Every Yid is a child of Hashem and so special and dear.
We’re so lucky to be the Chosen Nation of Hashem!**



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